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DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

ADDRESSED TO

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TWO LADIES,

At their RETURN from Viewing

The MINES near WHITEHAVEN.

To which are added,

SOME THOUGHTS
ON
BUILDING and PLANTING,
TO

Sir James Lowther, of Lowther-Hall, Bart.

By JOHN DALTON, D.D.

L
LONDON:

Printed for J. and J. RIVINGTON in St. Paul's Church-yard, and
R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLV.

DESCRIBED TO

ADDRESSED TO

T. W. O. L. A. D. I. E. S.

Addressed to the Editor of the

THE MINES

SOME

BUILDING and PLANTING

Sir James Lowther, of Lowther Hall, Bart.

BY JOHN BARTON, ESQ.

LONDON

Printed for J. and J. W. in St. Paul's Church-yard, and
T. and J. W. in Pall Mall.



MDCCCLXXV

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was written almost two years ago, and was not intended for the press: but the approbation, with which several friends of the author have perused it, now encourages him to offer it to the public. It was owing to the strong inclination, by which he was prompted to express the pleasure he had received, in a visit paid to his native country after a long absence, from the view of the several uncommon, grand, or beautiful scenes of nature and of art, which he here attempts to describe. This pleasure was undoubtedly much heightened by an advantageous comparison of its present state with That, in which he had left it. When we behold rich improvements of a wild and uncultivated soil, in their state of maturity, without having observed their rise and progress, we are struck with wonder and astonishment, to see the face of Nature totally changed. It carries an air of enchantment and romance: and the fabulous and luxuriant description, given us by the Poet, of yellow harvests rising up instantaneously under the wheels of the chariot of Ceres,

as it passed over the barren deserts, hardly seems, in the midst of our surprise, too extravagant an image to represent the greatness and seeming suddenness of such a change:

—cano rota pulvere labens

Sulcatam fœcundat humum; flavescit aristas

Orbita; surgentes conduunt vestigia culmi.

Vestit iter comitata seges.—

Claudian.

But how great and rational soever the pleasure of such a sight may be, it is still surpassed by that arising from the extraordinary increase of a trading Town, and new plantations of Houses and Men. Such was the satisfaction the author felt at the appearance of the town and harbour of Whitehaven, after an absence of somewhat less than thirty years. The Mines near that place are remarkable for so many singular circumstances, that they are generally esteemed to be well worth the observation of travellers. But the uncommonness of the occasion, on which this description was addressed to two very amiable Persons, afforded him the means of still heightening the novelty of his subject, and of throwing it into a more agreeable and poetic light by an easy introduction of classical allusion and parody*. It also gave him (what he va-

Allusion and parody, &c.] To save the reader the trouble of turning to books, several of the passages alluded to in the description of the mines are here inserted:

—quæ te fortuna fatigat,

Ut tristes sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?

Virg. Æn. VI.

lued most) a natural opportunity of expressing his just esteem for a truly respectable family, with whose merit he had long had the happiness of being well acquainted, whose Interest appears to be inseparably connected with That of his native country, and to which It already owes the most considerable advantages.

The admirers of the extensive knowledge, unspotted honour, public Spirit, and firm adherence to the great and essential interests of the British constitution and Protestant Succession, by which the late Lord

At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum—
Quin ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima Lethi
Tartara, cœruleosque implexæ crinibus angues
Eumenides; tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora;
Atque Ixionii cantu rota constitit orbis.

Virg. Georg. Lib. IV. Ver. 471.

Nulla sit immunis regio, nullumque sub umbris
Pectus inaccessum Veneri. Jam tristis Erynnis
Sentiat ardores: Acheron, Ditisque severi
Ferreæ lascivis mollescant corda sagittis.

Claud. de Rap. Prof. Lib. I. Ver. 121.

— divino semita gressu
Claruit.—

Ibid.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & sæva sonare
Verbera: tum stridor ferri, tractæque catenæ.

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI. Ver. 557. & passim

Hinc via Tartarii quæ fert Acherontis ad undas—
Turbidus hinc cœno rastaque voragine gurgis
Æstuat, atque omnem Coccyto eructat arenam.

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

Confdale

onsdale was universally distinguished, may perhaps be offended at the author's confining himself, in what he here says of his Lordship, to his provincial character; to his improvements in husbandry, and his endeavours to introduce manufactures into his own country. His excuse must be, that this was the part of his Lordship's Character which came most properly within the compass of his subject. Besides, if the light in which he has endeavoured to place his Example in that particular, could, in any degree, contribute to engage the imitation of young persons of the same rank and fortune in other places, he might then hope that the moral of his poem would appear to be not merely provincial, but national.

For, during the present melancholy condition, even in an age eminent for charity, of the numerous unemployed Poor of this kingdom, and the experienced and acknowledged inability of the present laws to provide for their effectual employment at home, and prevent their crowding to this their great school of idleness and vice, the Metropolis, what can we hope for, to alleviate this misery, but that Noblemen and Gentlemen of considerable estates, daily growing more sensible of the necessity of such a conduct, will lend a like generous attention to the ignorance and poverty of their respective countrymen?—This, as far as the author can presume to judge of so difficult a matter, appears to be the best that can be done, untill the Legislature shall be so happy as to accomplish that great end by some such simple yet comprehensive plan, as was, in a late session of parliament, recommended to their consideration by a Noble Earl;

and

and which met with their most favourable reception at that time, though it has not yet received the sanction of a law.

This Preface must not conclude without a precaution to the Reader, which may possibly prevent his meeting with an unpleasing disappointment. If, by the imperfect sketch in the following Poem, or by what he may elsewhere hear of the vale of Keswick and lake of Derwentwater, he should be induced to visit the Original, he must not confidently expect to see it exactly in the state described. For, if he goes thither with an imagination glowing warm with classical enthusiasm, and expects to find the sylvan shrines of the rural divinities wholly undisturbed and unprofaned, he will be much mistaken. Instead of that, he must prepare to be shocked at some late violations of those sacred woods and groves, which had, for ages, shaded the sides of the surrounding mountains, and (if prose may be allowed the expression) the shores and promontories of that lovely lake. For,

Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,
there, alas, is now,
The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,

Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent :

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

However, for his consolation, he may still, notwithstanding all those profanations, hope to find there an assemblage of such exquisite though different beauties, as will well deserve to be admired by him; as well perhaps as any one part of the inanimate creation,



TO
TWO LADIES

At their RETURN from Viewing

The MINES near WHITEHAVEN.



WELCOME to light, advent'rous pair!
Thrice welcome to the balmy air
From sulphurous damps in caverns deep,
Where subterraneous thunders sleep,
Or, wak'd, with dire Ætnæan sound
Bellow the trembling mountain round,

From sulphurous damps, &c.] The coal mines near Whitehaven are greatly infested with fulminating damps; large quantities of them being frequently collected in those deserted works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air: and, in such works, they often remain for a long time, without doing any

Till to the frightened realms of day
 Thro' flaming mouths they force their way;
 From bursting streams, and burning rocks,
 From nature's fierce intestine shocks;
 From the dark mansions of despair
 Welcome once more to light and air!

BUT why explore that world of night
 Conceal'd till then from female sight?
 Such grace and beauty why confine
 One moment to a dreary mine?

WAS it because your curious eye
 The secrets of the Earth would spy,

mischief. But when, by some accident, they are set on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very destructive to the miners; and bursting out of the pits with great impetuosity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air.

From burning rocks, &c.] The coal in these mines hath, several times, been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and hath continued burning for many months; until large streams of water were conducted into the mines, and suffered to fill those parts where the coal was on fire. By such fires, several collieries have been intirely destroyed; of which there are instances near Newcastle, and in other parts of England, and in the shire of Fife in Scotland; in some of which places, the fire has continued burning for ages. But more mines have been ruined by inundations..

How intervein'd rich minerals glow,
How bubbling fountains learn to flow?

O R rather that the sons of day
Already own'd your rightful sway,
And therefore, like young Ammon, you
Another world would fain subdue?

W H A T tho' sage Prospero attend,
While you the cavern'd hill descend,
Tho', warn'd by him, with bended head
You shun the shelving roof, and tread
With cautious foot the rugged way,
While tapers strive to mimic day?
Tho' he with hundred gates and chains
The Demons of the mine restrains,

The demons of the mine restrains, &c.] In order to prevent, as much as possible the collieries from being filled with those pernicious damp, it has been found necessary carefully to search for those crevices in the coal, from whence they issue out; and at those places, to confine them within a narrow space; and from those narrow spaces in which they are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air; where being set on fire, they consume in perpetual flames, as they continually arise out of the earth.

To whom their parent, jealous Earth, How
 To guard her hidden stores gave birth, How
 At which, while kindred furies sung, O 35
 With hideous joy pale Orcus rung; Already
 Tho' boiling with vain rage they sit, And therefore
 Fix'd to the bottom of the pit, Another world
 While at his beck the spi'rits of air, What
 With breath of heaven their taints repair; 40
 Or if they seek superior skies, Tho', warn'd by him,
 Thro' ways assign'd by him they rise, You then the
 Troop after troop at day expire With cautious
 In torments of perpetual fire; While
 Tho' he with fury-quelling charms, 45
 The whole infernal host disarms, The Demons of the
 And summons to your guarded sides
 A squadron of ethereal guides,

And summons, &c.] Those who have the direction of these deep and extensive works, are obliged to use great care and art in keeping them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of fresh air; which afford the miners a constant supply of

Your still, when we together view
 The dreadful enterprize and you,
 The public care and wonder go
 Of all above and all below.

FOR at your presence toil is o'er,
 The restless miner works no more.
 Nor strikes the flint, nor whirls the steel
 Of that strange spark-emitting wheel,
 Which, form'd by Prospero's magic are,
 Plays harmless in the fulphurous air,

that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with such other burnt and foul air, as is become poisonous and unfit for respiration.

Nor strikes the flint, &c.] It having been observed, by Mr. Spedding, who superintends these collieries, and to whom the author here gives the name of Prospero, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be set on fire by red-hot iron, nor by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel, he invented a machine, in which while a steel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints are applied thereto, great plenty of fiery sparks are emitted, that afford the miners such a light as enables them to carry on their work in close places, where the flame of a candle, or lamp, would occasion dreadful explosions. Without some invention of this sort, the working of these mines, so greatly annoyed with these inflammable damps, would long ago have been impracticable.

Without

Without a flame diffuses light,
 And makes the grisly cavern bright.
 His task secure the miner plies,
 Nor hears Tartarian tempests rise;
 But quits it now, and hastes away
 To this great Stygian holiday.

AGAPE the footy collier stands,
 His axe suspended in his hands,
 His Æthiopian teeth the while
 “ Grin horrible a ghastly smile,”
 To see two goddesses so fair
 Descend to him from fields of air.

Not greater wonder seiz'd th' abode
 Of gloomy Dis, infernal god,
 With pity when th' Orphēan lyre
 Did ev'ry iron heart inspire,
 Sooth'd tortur'd ghosts with heavenly strains,
 And respited eternal pains.

BUT

B U T on you move thro' ways less steep
 To loftier chambers of the deep,
 Whose jetty pillars seem to groan
 Beneath a ponderous roof of stone. 80
 Then with increasing wonder gaze
 The dark inextricable maze;
 Where cavern crossing cavern meets,
 (City of subterraneous streets!)
 Where in a triple story end 85
 Mines that o'er mines by flights ascend.

But on you move, &c.] The reader may suppose that he hath entered these mines by an opening at the bottom of a hill, and hath already passed through a long adit, hewn in the rock, and arched over with brick, which is the principal road into them for men, and for horses; and which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal. Being arrived at the coal, he may suppose himself still to descend, by ways less steep, till, after a journey of a mile and a half, he arrives at the profoundest parts of the mine. The greatest part of this descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal being cut away except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards square at the base; such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof.

A triple story, &c.] There are here three strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance one above another. The mines wrought in these parallel strata have a communication by pits, and are compared by the author to the different stories of a building.

B U T who in order can relate
 What terrors still your steps await?
 How issuing from the sulphurous coal
 Thick Acherontic rivers roll?
 How in close center of these mines,
 Where orient morning never shines,
 Nor the wing'd Zephyrs e're resort,
 Infernal Darkneſs holds her court?
 How, breathleſs, with faint pace, and flow,
 Thro' her grim ſultry realm you go,
 Till purer riſing gales diſpenſe
 Their cordials to the ſick'ning ſenſe?

Thick Acherontic rivers, &c.] The water that flows from the coal is collected into one ſtream, which runs towards the fire-engines. This water is yellow and turbid, from a mixture of ocher, and ſo very corroſive, that it quickly conſumes iron.

How, breathleſs, with faint pace, and flow, &c.] Thoſe who deſcend into theſe mines, find them moſt cloſe and ſultry in the middle parts, that are moſt remote from the pits and adits, and perceive them to grow cooler the nearer they approach to thoſe pits which are funk to the deepeſt parts of the mines; down which pits, large ſtreams of freſh air are made to deſcend, and up which, the water is drawn out, by means of fire-engines.

YOUR

YOUR progress next the wondering muse,
 Thro' narrow galleries pursues;
 Where Earth, the miner's way to close,
 Did once the massy rock oppose:
 In vain: his daring axe he heaves,
 Tow'ards the black vein a passage cleaves:
 Dissever'd by the nitrous blast,
 The stubborn barrier bursts at last.
 Thus, urg'd by Hunger's clamorous call,
 Incessant Labour conquers all.

Where Earth, &c.] The vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the same inclined plain, but, instead thereof, the miners frequently meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progress. At such places there seem to have been breaks in the earth, from the surface downwards; one part of the earth seeming to have sunk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its antient situation. In some of these places, the earth may have sunk ten or twenty fathoms, or more; in other places, less than one fathom. These breaks, the miners call Dykes; and when they come at one of them, their first care is to discover whether the strata in the part adjoining be higher or lower than in the part where they have been working; or (to use their own terms) whether the coal be cast down, or cast up. If it be cast down, they sink a pit to it; but if it be cast up to any considerable height, they are oftentimes obliged, with great labour and expence, as at the place here described, to carry forwards a level or long gallery thro' the rock, until they again arrive at the stratum of coal.

IN spacious rooms once more you tread,
 Whose roofs with figures quaint o'erspread
 Wild nature paints with various dyes,
 With such as tinge the evening skies.
 A different scene to this succeeds :
 The dreary road abruptly leads
 Down to the cold and humid caves,
 Where hissing fall the turbid waves.
 Resounding deep thro' glimmering shades
 The clank of chains your ears invades.
 Thro' pits profound from distant day
 Scarce travels down light's languid ray.
 High on huge axis heav'd, above,
 See ballanc'd beams unweari'd move !

Whose roofs, &c.] These colours, with which the free-stone roof of the mines is
 beautifully variegated in many places, and which have the appearance of clouds,
 seem to proceed from exudations of salts, ocher, and other earthy substances.

While

While pent within the iron womb
 Of boiling caldrons pants for room
 Expanded Steam, and shrinks, or swells, 12
 As cold restrains, or heat impells,

While pent within the iron womb, &c.] The author hath here taken occasion to celebrate the fire-engine, the invention of which does such honour to this nation. He has endeavoured to describe, in a poetic manner, the effects of the elastic steam and the great power of the atmosphere; which, by their alternate actions, give force and motion to the beam of this engine, and by it, to the pump-rods, which elevate the water through tubes, and discharge it out of the mine. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horses, to work the pumps of one of the largest fire-engines now in use (the diameter of whose cylinder is seventy inches) and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this size constantly at work. And that as much water may be raised by an engine of this size kept constantly at work, as can be drawn up by 2520 men with rollers and buckets, after the manner now daily practised in many mines, or as much as can be borne up on the shoulders of twice that number of men, as is said to be done in some of the mines of Peru.—So great is the power of the air in one of those engines.

There are four fire-engines belonging to this colliery; which, when all at work, discharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at thirteen strokes; 1,768,320 gallons every twenty-four hours. By the four engines here employed, nearly twice the above-mentioned quantity of water might be discharged from mines that are not above sixty or seventy fathoms deep, which depth is rarely exceeded in the Newcastle collieries, or in any of the English collieries, those of Whitehaven excepted.

The reader may find an account of Savery's engine in Harris's *Lexicon Technicum*.—Many great improvements have been made to it since, and are daily making, several of which are related in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The best account of it, its various improvements and uses, is, I think, in Dr. Desaguliers's course of experimental philosophy, vol. II.

And, ready for the vacant space,
 Incumbent Air resumes his place,
 Depressing with stupendous force
 Whate'er resists his downward course,
 Pumps moved by rods from ponderous beams.
 Arrest the unsuspecting streams,
 Which soon a sluggish pool would lie;
 Then spout them foaming to the sky.

SAGACIOUS Savery! Taught by thee
 Discordant elements agree,
 Fire, water, air, heat, cold unite,
 And lifted in one service fight,
 Pure streams to thirsty cities send,
 Or deepest mines from floods defend.
 Man's richest gift thy work will shine;
 Rome's aqueducts were poor to thine!

A T last the long descent is o'er;
 Above your heads the billows roar;
 High o'er your heads they roar in vain;
 Not all the furies of the main
 The dark recess can e'er disclose,
 Rocks heap'd on rocks th' attempt oppose
 Thrice Dover's cliff from you the tides
 With interposing roof divides!

FROM such abyss restor'd to light,
 Invade no more the realms of night.
 For heroines it may well suffice
 Once to have left these azure skies.

Above your heads, &c.] The mines are here sunk to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where there is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden. These are the deepest coal-mines that have hitherto been wrought; and perhaps the miners have not in any other part of the globe, penetrated to so great a depth below the surface of the sea; the very deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elsewhere, being situated in mountainous countries, where the surface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean.

Heroes themselves, in days of yore, 455
 Bold as they were, achiev'd no more.
 Without a dread descent you may
 The mines in their effects survey,
 And with an easy eye look down
 On that fair port and happy town. 160

WHERE late along the naked strand,
 The fisher's cot did lonely stand,
 And his poor bark unshelter'd lay,
 Of every swelling surge the prey,
 Now lofty piers their arms extend, 165
 And with their strong embraces bend
 Round crowded fleets, which safe defy
 All storms that rend the wintry sky,
 And bulwarks beyond bulwarks chain
 The fury of the roaring main. 170
 The peopl'd vale fair dwellings fill,
 And lengthening streets ascend the hill;

Where

Where Industry intent to thrive,
Brings all her honey to the hive,
Religion strikes with reverent awe, 175
Example works th' effect of law,
And Plenty's flowing cup we see
Untainted yet by Luxury.

THESE are the glories of the mine!
Creative Commerce, these are thine! 180

The glories of the mine, &c.] These mines were first wrought, for foreign consumption, by Sir John Lowther, Bart. one of the Lords of the Admiralty in the reign of King William; a person of great abilities, and a generous benefactor to his native country; who, by the encouragements which he gave to tradesmen and artificers of all kinds to settle at Whitehaven, may be esteemed the founder of that town. His son and successor, Sir James Lowther, pursuing the same plan, has brought these mines to their present state of perfection. It has been computed, that these two gentlemen, in the compass of a century (which time they have enjoyed these mines) have expended in one of them only upwards of half a million sterling.—The money returned hither for coals exported hence, greatly contributes to enable this remote country to pay those large sums, that are continually drained out of it in taxes and customs, in rents to absentees, and for clothing and various other necessary commodities, which those parts do not afford.—By this trade, and its consequences, the town of Whitehaven has been raised, from very low beginnings, to its present state; the country round it improved; and great numbers of hardy sailors, and other useful artificers trained up to serve their King and country in the navy, as well as in the home and foreign trades of the kingdom.

HERE

HERE while delighted you impart
 Delight to every eye and heart,
 Behold, grown jealous of your stay,
 Your native Stream his charms display,
 To court you to his banks again ;
 Now wind in wanton waves his train,
 Now spread into a chrystal plain ;
 Then hid by pendent rocks would steal,
 But tuneful Falls his course reveal,
 As down the bending vale he roves
 Thro' Yanwath woods, and Buckholme's groves ;
 Whose broad o'erspreading boughs beneath
 Warbling he flows, while Zephyrs breathe.
 HERE softly swells the spacious lawn,
 Where bounds the buck, and skips the fawn,

Your native stream, &c.] The river Lowther.

Then hid by pendent rocks, &c.] See, in Mr. Dalton's Drawings, a view of this river near the bridge and church of Askham.

As down the bending vale, &c.] See his view (taken from Clifton) of the river winding between Yanwath and Buckholme woods round the Elyian fields.

Here softly swells, &c.] See his view, on a small scale, taken from Askham.

THERE

Or, couch'd beneath the hawthorn-trees,
In dappled groupes enjoy the breeze.

AMID yon funny plain, alone,
To patriarchal rev'rence grown,
An oak for many an age has stood
Himself a widely waving wood,
While men and herds, with swift decay,
Race after race, have pass'd away.

See still his central trunk sustain
Huge boughs, which round o'erhang the plain,
And hospitable shade inclose,
Where flocks and herds at ease repose!

THERE the brown fells ascend the sky,
Below, the green inclosures lye;
Along their sloping sides supine
The peaceful villages recline:

fall; of the situation of Lowther-hall, park, &c. terminated by a long range of very high mountains, called Cross-fell.

On azure roofs bright sun-beams play,
 And make the meanest dwelling gay.
 Thus oft the wise all-ruling mind
 Is to the lowly cottage kind, 220
 Bids there His beams of favour fall,
 While sorrow clouds the lofty hall,
 That This may fear his awful frown,
 And grateful That his goodness own.
 If, grown familiar to the sight, 225
 Lowther itself should less delight,
 Then change the scene: To nature's pride,
 Sweet Kewick's vale, the muse will guide.
 The muse, who trod th' enchanted ground,
 Who sail'd the wondrous lake around, 230
 With you will haste once more to hail
 The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

On azure roofs, &c.] The houses of this country are covered with a beautiful
 blue slate.

FROM

FROM savage parent gentle stream!

Be thou the Muse's favourite theme:

O soft insinuating glide

Silent along the meadow's side,

Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass

Resplendent all thro' fluid glass,

Unless upon thy yielding breast

Their painted heads the lillies rest,

To where in deep capacious bed

The widely liquid lake is spread.

LET other streams rejoyce to roar

Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore,

Rush raving on with boisterous sweep,

And foaming rend the frightened deep,

Thy gentle Genius shrinks away

From such a rude unequal fray;

Of dread Lodore, &c.] A very high cascade here falls into the lake of Derwent-water, near where Borrodale-beck (or brook) enters into it, as is described above.

D 2

Thro'

Thro' thine own native dale, where rise
Tremendous rocks amid the skies, 250

Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
Till they the smoothest channel find,

Softens the horrors of the scene,
And thro' confusion flow serene.

Horrors like these at first alarm, 255

But soon with savage grandeur charm

And raise to noblest thought the mind:

Thus by thy fall, Lodoré, reclin'd,

The craggy cliff, impendent wood,

Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood, 260

The gloomy clouds, which solemn sail,

Scarce lifted by the languid gale

O'er the cap'd hill, and darken'd vale;

The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,

Which round th' aerial ocean rove, 265

And, floating on the billowy sky,

With full expanded pennons fly,

Their

[21]

Their flutt'ring or their bleating prey
Thence with death-dooming eye survey;
Channels by rocky torrents torn, 270
Rocks to the lake in thunder born,
Or such as o'er our heads appear
Suspended in their mid career,
To start again at His command,
Who rules fire, water, air, and land, 275
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleasing, tho' an awful sight:
For, seen with them, the verdant Isles
Softened with more delicious smiles,
More tempting twine their opening bowers, 280
More lively glow the purple flowers,
More smoothly slopes the border gay,
In fairer circle bends the bay,

Channels by rocky torrents torn, &c.] For an account of an extraordinary storm in a part of this country, called St. John's Vale, by which numerous fragments of rocks were driven down from the mountains, along with cataracts of water, see a letter from Cockermouth, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of October, 1754.

And

And last, to fix our wand'ring eyes,
 Thy roofs, O Keswick, brighter rise 285
 The lake and lofty hills between,
 Where Giant Skiddow shuts the scene.
 SUPREME of mountains, Skiddow, hail!
 To whom all Britain sinks a vale!
 Lo, his imperial brow I see 290
 From foul usurping vapours free!
 'Twere glorious now his side to climb,
 Boldly to scale his top sublime,
 And thence—My muse, these flights forbear,
 Nor with wild raptures tire the fair. 295
 Hills, rocks, and dales have been too long
 The subject of thy rambling song.

Where Giant Skiddow, &c.] With the above-mentioned Drawings the curious reader may see three different Views of this beautiful lake, all exactly copied after nature. The first, of the whole lake, taken from Lodore, and terminated by Skiddow. The second, taken from the parsonage-house, and terminated by Borrodale. The third, from Hill-top, with Callow-cragg appearing on the fore-ground; and also One of the cascade.

Far

Far other scenes Their minds employ,
 And move their hearts with softer joy.
 For pleasures They need never roam, 300
 Theirs with affection dwell, at home.
 Thrice happy They at home to prove
 A Parent's and a Brother's love;
 Her bright example pleas'd to trace,
 Learn every virtue every grace, 305
 Which lustre give in female life
 To daughter, sister, parent, wife;
 Grateful to see her guardian care
 A tender father's loss repair,
 And, rising far o'er grief and pain, 310
 The glories of her race maintain.

THEIR antient seats let others fly
 To strole beneath a foreign sky,
 Or loytering in their villas stay,
 Till useless summers waste away, 315

While

While, hopeless of their lords' return,
 The poor exhausted tenants mourn;
 From Lowther She disdains to run
 To bask beneath a southern sun,
 Opens the hospitable door,
 Welcomes the friend, relieves the poor;
 Bids tenants share the lib'ral board,
 And early know and love their lord,
 Whose courteous deeds to all extend,
 And make each happy guest a friend.
 To smiling Earth the grateful Main
 Thus gives her gather'd streams again
 In flowers on hill and dale and plain.

O may the virtues, which adorn
 With modest beams his rising morn,
 Unclouded grow to perfect day!
 May He with bounty's brightest ray

The natives chear, enrich the soil,
 With arts improve, reward their toil,
 Glad with kind warmth our northern sky,
 And generous Lonsdale's loss supply.

331

—*enrich the soil &c.*] The late Lord Lonsdale spared no expence of money or time to introduce woollen and linen Manufactures into the county of Westmoreland; to improve the natives in the art of husbandry by his own example, and encourage them by suitable rewards. Besides conferring premiums on those who excell'd, he also, in order to conquer the force of ignorance and prejudice, more obstinate perhaps than the soil, apprenticed out into neighbouring counties, which were more skilled in agriculture, several sons of his tenants for that laudable purpose and laid them under obligation to return again, and exercise that Art, for a certain term, in their own country.

HERE the Author thinks himself bound to acknowledge, that he owes the Explanatory Notes, on the description of the mines, to Dr. Brownrigg of Whitehaven.—The kind and friendly design with which they were sent to him, will best appear from the letter which accompany'd them; and which is here subjoined. If the inquisitive reader should desire to see a larger specimen of that Gentleman's knowledge of philosophical and commercial subjects, he would recommend him to a treatise entituled, "The art of making Common Salt, as now practised in most parts of the world; with several Improvements proposed in that art, for the use of the British dominions; by William Brownrigg, M. D. and F. R. S." but that it is now, he believes, out of print. However he may have his curiosity in some degree gratified, by a good account of that work, given by Mr. Watson in the Philosophical Transactions, N^o 487, for the months of April, May, and part of June 1748.

A LETTER to the AUTHOR.

SIR,

Give you thanks for the pleasure I have received in the perusal of your poem, heightened perhaps by a fondness for every thing that you have there so elegantly described. I am however apprehensive, that such of your readers as are unacquainted with your subject, may not have the same relish for several parts of your performance. Much of the pleasure which we receive from descriptions of the country must arise from recalling to mind those rural scenes that have given us delight, and from comparing them with their representations; and observing with what art and judgment those representations are copied after nature. And altho' the scenes delineated in your poetic landscapes, seem as beautifully varied, and as well adapted to give pleasure to the judicious as those that are most admired in other countries, and may serve as excellent models for the embellishment of rural situations: yet, it must be owned that, in this part of your poem, you labour under some disadvantage, from the choice of your subject in a retired part; which does not fall so much under the eye of the curious as Windsor Forest and some other places, whose charms have been displayed by some of our best poets. However, very happily for you, though your Brother has devoted the largest share of his time and study this summer to the adorning our New Church with his Painting, yet he has found leisure to make very exact Drawings of the places you describe. These, as they are the best comment on this part of your work, will, I hope, in a great measure remove the difficulty here hinted at; and the Public will have the pleasure of seeing the sister arts mutually reflecting light upon each other, and conspiring, by a friendly emulation, to set off these beautiful scenes to the best advantage.

Another part of your performance will, I am afraid, be attended with greater difficulties. Your descriptions of the country must be generally understood, and, like a fine picture, will be admired by many who do not know the original; although they will be read with most delight by those who are best acquainted with your subject. But few of your readers will have such a knowledge of mines as will enable them to follow you through their dark and intricate labyrinths. More especially, as these are a subject that has not, I think, before been attempted in verse. And yet they seem well to deserve the notice of our poets, as they

they abound in objects proper to excite admiration, and are one great source of the wealth and power of these kingdoms. Here it may be worth the while to stop a little, and reflect on the labour and dangers that They sustain, who, from the mines, supply us with many necessaries and conveniencies of life: what multitude of people by them are maintained: what efforts of human reason are there exerted in the most ingenious inventions: and what immense treasures are thence raised, by which numberless wheels are set on motion in the complicated machine of commerce. The subterranean regions, hitherto delineated by the luxuriant fancies of poets, are widely different from these great funds of treasure. And as the veracity of those poets, who have descended into the lower regions, hath often been called in question, some may even suspect that you also have indulged yourself in this poetic licence, and have related such things of these dark abodes as would best appear in verse, rather than as you really found them in nature. To obviate which suspicions, may it not be necessary to produce authentic vouchers of your having faithfully described such objects as occurred to you in the coal-mines? Had Cervantes taken this method, his wonderful account of a certain cave would perhaps have met with more credit than it now does, notwithstanding his artful insinuation of its having been believed by a very great scholar. The Explanatory Notes, which, agreeable to your request, I send inclosed, and which you are at liberty to publish with your poem, may serve as a sort of circumstantial proof of the truth of your descriptions. You will readily perceive that the nature of your design would not allow me to write an history of collieries, or a philosophical dissertation on damp. I have therefore contented myself with relating a few facts which may throw some light on this part of your poem, and may help to render your description of the mines intelligible to your readers.

I am, &c.

Whitehaven,
Nov. 20, 1754.

W. BROWNRIGG.

[illegible]

W. B. C. W. B. C.

SOME THOUGHTS
ON
BUILDING and PLANTING,
TO
Sir JAMES LOWTHER,
Of LOWTHER-HALL, Bart.

SOME THOUGHTS
ON
BUILDING AND PLANTING

By JAMES FLOWTHER



OF LOWTHER HALL, BART.



T O

Sir / JAMES LOWTHER, Bart.



HEN stately structures Lowther grace,
~~W~~orthy the Owner and the Place,
 Fashion will not the works direct,
 But Reason be the architect.

READY each beauteous Order stands **5**
 To execute what She commands.
 The Doric grave, where weight requires,
 To give his manly strength aspires ;

The Doric grave, where weight requires.] In ea æde cum voluissent columnas col-
 locare, non habentes symmetrias earum, & quærentes quibus rationibus efficere pos-

The

The light Corinthian, richly gay,
 Does all embellishments display;
 Between them see, with matron air,
 Th' Ionic, delicately fair!

10

THESE their abundant aid will lend
 To answer every structure's end.
 To Building can a mode belong,
 But Gay, or Delicate, or Strong?

15

sent, ut & *ad onus ferendum* essent idoneæ, & in aspectu probatam haberent venustatem: dimensi sunt virilis pedis vestigium, & cum invenissent pedem sextam partem esse altitudinis in homine, ita in columnam transfulerunt: & qua crassitudine fecerunt basin scapi, tantum eam sexies cum capitulo in altitudinem extulerunt. Ita Dorica columna *virilis corporis* proportionem, & firmitatem & venustatem in ædificiis præstare cœpit: Vitruv. L. IV. C. i. p. 60.

The light Corinthian, &c.] Tertium vero, quod Corinthium dicitur, virginalis habet gracilitatis imitationem: quod virgines propter ætatis teneritatem gracilioribus membris figuratæ, effectus recipiunt in ornatu venustiores. Ejus autem capituli prima inventio, &c. Ibid.

Between them see, &c.] Junoni, Dianæ, Libero Patri, cæterisq; Diis qui eadem sunt similitudine, si ædes Ionice construerentur, habita erit ratio *mediocritatis*, quod & ab severo more Doricorum & a teneritate Corinthiorum, temperabitur earum institutio proprietatis. Ibid.

Th' Ionic, &c.] Item postea Dianæ constituere ædem quærentes, novi generis speciem, iisdem vestigiis ad muliebrem transfulerunt gracilitatem: & fecerunt primum columnæ crassitudinem, altitudinis octava parte: ut haberent speciem excelsoiorem, basi spiram supposuerunt pro calceo, capitulo volutas, uti capillamento concrispatos cincinnos præpendentes dextra ac sinistra collocaverunt, & cymatiis & encarpis pro crinibus dispositis, frontes ornaverunt: truncoq; toto strias, uti stolarum rugas, *matronali more* dimiserunt. Ibid.

Why

Why search we then for Orders new,
 Rich in these all-comprising few,
 But that the standard rules of Greece
 Disdain to humour wild caprice?
 They Fancy's wanton freaks controul,
 In every part consult the whole,
 Teach art to dress, and not disguise,
 Seek lasting fame, not short surprise,
 And all Adornings to produce
 From real or from seeming Use,
 The Place's Genius to revere,
 And, as He bids, the structure rear.
 SMILES He o'er fragrant Flora's bloom?
 Ne'er shock him with a grotto's gloom.

—[from real or from seeming use] — quemadmodum mutuli cantheriorum projecturæ ferunt *imāginem*, sic in Ionicis denticuli ex projecturis asserum habent imitationem. Itaque in Græcis operibus nemo sub mutulo denticulos constituit: non enim possunt subtus cantherios asseres esse. Quod ergo supra cantherios & templa in *veritate* debet esse collocatum, id in *imaginibus*, si infra constitutum fuerit, mendosam habebit operis rationem; &c.

Nor with smooth slender columns mock
His roughness in the rugged rock.

Nor by trim steps hand gently down
(Like dainty dames in formal town)

The nimble Naiades, who bound
O'er native rocks with sprightly sound.

Nor roving Dryades confine
Precisely to a single line,
Streight, circular, or serpentine.

ALL forms arise at Nature's call,
And Use can beauty give to all.
None e're disgust the judging mind;
When vary'd well, or well combin'd.

THIS Lowther's Noble Planter knew,
And kept it in his constant view.

So sweetly wild his woods are strown,
Nature mistakes them for her own,

Yet all to proper soil and site
So suited, doubly they delight.

While tender plants in vales repose,

Where the mild Zephyr only blows,

Embattled Firs bleak hills adorn,

Under whose safe-guard smiles the corn.

Who builds or plants, this rule should know,

FROM TRUTH AND USE ALL BEAUTIES FLOW.

11:7 49

55

From Truth, &c.] —quod non potest in *veritate* fieri, id non putaverunt in imaginibus factum, posse certam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, & a *veris naturæ* deductis moribus, traduxerunt in operum perfectiones: & ea probaverunt, quorum explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere *veritatis*. Vitruv. Lib. IV. C. ii. p. 67. Edit. de Læt.

—*and Use, &c.]* See the Idea of Beauty explained by the great Dr. Berkley in the Minute Philosopher, Dial. III. Sect. viii, ix. Edit. 3. 1752.

F I N I S.

To be had of J. and J. RIVINGTON, at the Bible and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard,
and of R. and J. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.

TWO Epistles, written A. D. 1735 and 1744.

Three Sermons preached before the University of Oxford at St. Mary's on September 19,
and October 20, 1745, and November 5, 1747.

A Sermon preached at the Abbey Church at Bath, December. 8, 1745.

A Sermon preached before the Right Honourable the Earl of Northumberland, President,
and the Governors of the Middlesex Hospital, at St. Ann's Westminster, April 1751.

By JOHN DALTON, D.D.

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